I am Somebody

Angela Brown

Abstract: I come this far by faith, leaning on the Lord, trusting in His Holy name. God has not failed me yet. Each time I fall, I come around, because, I come this far by faith.

Valuing an Education

A Child’s day begins with
Finding a Solution
Finding a Solution
They want to learn
And be great things
But we fail to understand their cries
Because we failed our children
From pursuing their dreams
We as their parents have deprived our child
From funding their education
With the tools they deserved
Scarcity, the madness
Startling, the sadness
And the test scores are low
Our students are dropping out
With no room for hope
Our government is insecure
But students’ passion to learn is high
They all want to earn the power
We must not hear their cries
In honesty we are not true to ourselves
In reality we aren’t being fair to our children
We are ignoring the root of our problems
Starts from the person within
The whisper before dawn
The silence of visible light
Singing God’s hymn infinitely in time.
Their words are a reflection of mourning
Not knowing foreshadowing history
We share their agony
We share their pain
A mirror image of their journey.
Nothing is eternal
Only decades stand amongst our wound.
We stand, we bond, and we pledge words of hope
Every second, every minute,
Every hour in their memory
Each moment underlies our journey
And it is your voice that carries
Vicariously towards freedom.
A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

Censorship
Advocating Speech
Is life itself
Life is difficult without words
The presence of a voice
Carries on as a reminder
Of emerging thoughts
Thought remains unpinned
From aggression
I am the voice of
Advocating hope
From restriction
I am the voice of
Promoting peace
My voice demands justice
To be respected
My voice demands justice
To want dignity
I act in
Defiance to unkind difference
I act in
Response to unkempt change
My voice is a criminal of self-thought
Darkness is the impunity of silence
Speaking up is a right
I have something to say
Speaking out is a right
I have something to say
My voice cannot be wasted
I have the right to be heard

Pro Choice
Having rights
I choose to life
My Choice
A right to do
As I choose
A right to choose
Choose who as I am
Choose who I am
Choose how I feel
With whom I will be
I have the right to will
To choose to be free
Free from denial
From will of hating
Killing without needs
Is not me
No one has the right
To tell me to create
I speaking freely, upon
Wanting, willing, needing
One, single, unison
To hold the right vocation
Freely feeling free
To bond with the one I love
To escape from being alone
To choose life, I am free
To choose life
To refute death
It's no right, not a right, not right
But a just right to choose life
My choice, to choose
To be a right, not to deny
Choices freely
Because, just cause
To be removed does not
Follow the rules and
Gives me cause to act
I choose life

**Oral Tradition**

Gather my ten cents, my defenses, my senses
To defend the cause by the prayers of hope
Rescue me from the harsh winds of Katrina
Its breath did not care if you were black, white or Latino
Its breath did not care if you were rich or poor
For man to escape its evil path of death
Could not be avoided nor ignored.
But one of America's most remarkable cities
Will not be forgotten as a voice in the wind.
I pray on the idea, the violations to build won't be neglected
From the evil tactics, the schemes, and the rude attacks
Hope that the notions of morality will come into effect
And the unethical practices will not enact.
Fate will explore the city, as generations of legacies remembered
And the beauty, the cuisine, the music, will be restored
And Louisiana culture will fight back to survive
Its tradition will be remembered as part of American way of life

**NWA Movement**

It depends on how you see it
How you view it, how you perceive it
It is what you make of it
The reality of the truth in it
Is it the means of how it is partaken?
Or maybe it is how an identity is mistaken
In how it is viewed in the media
Profiled to profanity
Reasons of insanity
That dictates immortality for death
And the surreal images of sobriety
In reality people are dying
People are crying
People are denying the truth
Of racial profiling is killing our race
People are protesting
Against police brutality
Of man slaughtering
Within decades in our communities
Some see it
Some don't believe in it
Some deny it as just cause
But to be perceived as a movement
Of immorality, a formality of reasons
To be recognized with negative sobriety
Of judgment that is deterrent of reasons
To be misunderstood for what some conceive
Labeled as ignorance in our streets
NWA of ignorance if you know the difference
It's no different
than on the streets than now
Same protest, but it's all good
As we know it as incognizant to relevance
The life of a black man on the streets
Is procurement to industrialized slavery?
Words learned before our time

It's Over
Baby, what's up with us?
Things used to be different
You’d hold me in your arms
And tell me sweet nothings
Baby, what's up with this?
I kept my body tight
You would hug my hips
And rock me all night
Baby, tell me what's wrong
You used to Mac me down
And tell me I’m fine
That you could not live without me
You were the king of the castle
And I was your queen
Whose boots are you knocked now
Your future sister?
What is it now, you played me
I’m not good enough
You can't rise above your ghetto queen
By being the man of my dreams
But I always thought we were better than that
This is a bridge, I dare not cross
Don't leave me hang in in the streets
Broken bottles, skeletons, reapers in the night
I’m afraid of what is underneath this bridge
We used to be real tight
Open the window and let the light shine through
I see you got that eye twinkle you had once
The same look when we made love
The dark heat caressing strokes
Our bodies compressed as one
I afraid of losing you
My only one true love
I’ve come to know
Does not choose to love me no more
I’m not for you
But what do you mean?
I cried many nights things were different
But it is what it seems
It is as it seems
You told me to walk
I left
It's over now
And I’m not over you

Mom
No matter if your down and blue
And you fear you will never make it
Dry your eyes, wipe your tears
Momma loves you
The times you fear you're all alone
And doubt you can make it on your own
Believe that there is someone who really cares
Momma loves you
When they spit at you and call you names
And you fear that you're the one to blame
You must be comfortable within your own skin
And find the strength from within
Believe that you are special
Momma loves you
When you doubt that you’re not good enough
And you feel weak and insecure
You’re are not the blame for others ignorance
Hold your head up
Momma loves you
When voices tell you that you don't belong
You got that feeling you are treated wrong
Don't stop, fight for what is right
Place your faith in God follow the light
And always remember what Momma says
Be happy with who you are by being true to yourself
And never forget where in life you go
You are not alone, because,
Momma loves you

Mourning a Child’s Death
To hold you in my arms
To feel your breath
To breathe every breath
With every beat of your heart
To know you are living
I am not worthy, I regret
Not knowing who you are
Not knowing who you've become
Not holding you close
Not letting you go
Not feeling your warmth
Not feeling your touch
I don't want you to hate me
With the stories told
I'm with you always
Hope is a mystery
And it's not what it seems
Not what life is meant to be
Dreams fly away in the storm
When everything you had is gone
A light flickers in the night
Promises become un-kept secrets
That hunts you from the past
And everything is taken for granted
You stop loving yourself
You call out
And no one listens
No one dares to care
And you are all alone
Without a care in the world
Love is that matters most
Not until all is said and gone
You begin to learn
Behind every relationship
Losing a child is lost forever

Dad
My Dad is a one of a kind Dad
A man compassionate about life
As leader in the black community,
I followed his ideas and value his opinion.
Dad has a strong, positive guidance
His idea on life is to get an education.
My Dad always took the time to listen
Being careful that I make my own decisions.
Dad had a set of objectives that led the way
It is by choice, that I am more independent.
My Dad is the man, who has influenced me truly
To be a strong voice and a procurer of my dreams.

A Used Book
Forever and ever, their arrogance
Of repressed thoughts
Disappearing in
And out of insanity
No one cares to understand
The poverty of words
A line, a phrase, or expression
Symbols turn unto stone
Stones turn unto ashes
Ashes turn unto dust
Words vanish and reappear
Amongst the wells of thought
Smoke signals self destruct for decades
While isolated from inclusion
Words die quietly of starvation
From the very wisdom
That controls our lives
And the knowledge
We need to unify our souls
From the familiar words
I used to know

A Fallen Soldier
I view the world
At attention.
I fight as
An exception
To the rule.
I find purpose
In defending
Our country.
Not knowing
The outcome
Of being judged.
I have a voice
in this war
It’s my calling.
And I reply
Unmatched, unchanged.
My affiliation
Is enlisted  
To a nation  
Of soldiers  
Giving back  
With respect  
Unconditionally stated  
In war and in peace  
I stand tall  
I fight brave  
My voice heals  
My is heard  
I am soldier,  
I am a retired veteran,  
I am a U.S. scout  

Black lives matter  
And another ones gone  
And another ones gone  
Another one bites the dust  
Do you know what it’s like?  
A victim of assault  
Withholding silence  
Enabled to talk  
It is how it is  
To be brought up in the streets  
A gang is your family you trust  
With your son’s life  
Not to repeat secrets  
Is no way of life, ending lives  
Your boy who wanted to live in your image  
Dead under false pretences  
Your little boys dream  
Was to overcome obstacles with success  
No not like this, not like this  
To rise above this, 'tis be different  
Different this time, next time, sometimes  
'Cause we got options, to go and I walk  
For the walking souls that die before us
Cannot turn our backs, for once in time
To see eye to eye before one of our own dies
Because the price of life is more than its users
Another life is waited, without blame
I feel the pain I fear every time I leave the house
Hope next time this’ll be different
And not another statistic
As God is our witness

March on Selma, by Angela Khristin Brown

It was the bloodiest day in history
The winter's cold was as hot as the summer's heat.
And the deadliest mark in American history was foretold
It is from fear that must have quenched God's thirst
That answered their call to freedom.
No hate or pain could deter their fate
For they walked for freedom.
They were descendants of bandage
And parterres for faith
Answering their ancestor’s cry for mercy.
Racism pierced the dark corners of their mind,
‘Will the right to have democracy be protected?’
And so they marched in the name of God's glory
To have their voices heard.
Virtue was the cause that could not wait
For discrimination is an extension of division.
It is a matter of time before chaos breaks
And the balances of interest become the voice of power.
Love is what surrenders in time
And forgiveness is with the heart of the people.
And so their march had cost many lives
But it is from their faith that redefined history.

Eulogy of Race, by Angela Brown

Every day is a eulogy on race
Every hour we face fear,
as we pray and cope...
Another pale day we face, our race
Word have become a cold mystery of fate
Words now hide behind its meaning  
Dreams hide behind a cloud of mist  
Brewed by the water boiling over  
Every word lived is not promised  
Every word tasted is savored  
Words have become ideas  
That emanated mixed feeling of bondage  
Hidden words lie behind faux meaning  
Words lost in meaning fading afar  
Invisible to reason  
My last words act freely  
Time is darkness that feeds an addiction  
To be loved and cared  
Beyond my last request  
Beyond this long journey  
It is the hand that feeds my strength to carry on  
It is the hand that has slain the star of death  
Every day is a eulogy of race  
Asking God to free our lost souls  
With the wisdom to know better  
With the heart to preach love  
Every day is a eulogy on race  
Every hour we face fear as we pray and cope another pale day  
Words have become a cold mystery  
Words lost hide behind meaning  
Dreams hide behind a cloud of menagerie  
That drifts and disappears in fear  
Every word lived is not what it seems  
Every word is borrowed time  
Words are ideas alive  
As you feel them finding  
Hiding secrets behind the lies  
Invisible to reason  
My last words hold my fate  
Having lost all meaning  
Time is the dark that feeds  
Behind your last request  
That feeds the sane star of death
Retirement
Think of how time passes
The winter splinters
The summer heat
The spring showers
The fall breeze
Many days, many months, many years have passed
From every concept, from every skill, and from every lesson taught
Through a students’ gaze or a professor’s eyebrow of surprise
Each moment we share has been a learning experience.
There are opportunities lost and found
Students graduate
A professor retires
And they leave to pursue their dreams.
As time passes there remains unfinished work
The friendships that bond
The conversations we share
For those times that we have shown we cared.
And for this bitter sweet memory
We must always reflect
On all these things
With an element of respect.

I Want You
There is a man I call on
I’m drawn to answer my calls
A man, I’m drawn to his loving
Kisses, its man, my soul
Partner in life, is cool to have
Him talk to, laugh to, to
Answer my senses I’m drawn
To it’s kind of man love lyrics.
This man has the crazy, cool, and loving
Flesh ripe skin tight finger lick in
Good, oh he’s so fine He got me
Liken his intellectual skills words
Blowing my mind this cool cat got
Me he got me tongue twisted
Hung over his lips I’m fallen deeper
Hung over drunken love so sweet
It’s so sweet to have a man kind of
Twisted for my stuff Kind of want him
For me but to me it seems
He’s afraid his hooked and we not
Sexed but temptation has it going
Down like that and if he asked
I’d go deeper into his mind
And do him again I could not do
It alone not with myself but with
A guy like that caught in the habit
I got to have it in for him and him
Had done me the same we eventually
I want him around more often to
Create our peace, make our peace
Make the heat sustain got to have it
Got to want it got to love it the same
Me you he and its faint nothing I can do bad
All by me ‘cause I’m a woman with needs
In need of a man - This aim’s no stuff this time
I’m for real...I want you

A Child’s View on War

Daddy went off to war one day
To play the big boy games
And fight the countless enemies
Who also have no names?
While I sat and played outside
And mommy baked her pies
I said to my little playmates
‘My daddy will not die.
He’ll fight the ones who want to take
Our freedoms and our dreams
He’s goanna blast those commies,
Though I don’t know what that means.’
But Daddy’s strong, he’ll survive,
My Mommy told me so.
So I was brave and did not cry
When he said he had to go.
My mother told me once again,
That Daddy would not die,
So I gave him a smile to carry
When we had to say goodbye.
I was right, but oh, so wrong,
To think he would not die
Because although he still walks and talks
There’s nothing in his eyes.
When Daddy came back, he looked the same
And hugged and kissed my head
But soon I knew his heart was gone
His love for me was dead.
This Vietnam that he went to
Was oh, so far away
And while he did his duty there
I learned how to pray.
“Lord, please bring my daddy home,
And keep him safe at night,
And if it’s dark and cold outside
Give him warmth and light.”
What I should have prayed instead was this:
“Lord, protect my Daddy’s heart,
And don’t let the war he’s fighting
Tear his soul apart.”
Yes, Daddy went off to war one day
Mommy said he would not die
But that was not completely true,
‘Cause now he’s dead inside.